CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION

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LOS ANGELES

" *Children like tender Osiers take the Bow,*
" *And as they first are fashion'd, alway*
grow ;
" *For what we learn in Youth, to that alon*
" *In Age we are by second Nature prone.*"

THE

MOTHER'S GIFT:

OR, A

PRESENT

FOR ALL

LITTLE BOYS,

WHO *WISH* TO BE GOOD.

HALLOWELL:
Printed by N. CHEEVER, for EZEKIEL GOODALE.

1809.

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THE

MOTHER'S GIFT.

STORY I.

The Preference of Goodness *to* Riches.

MASTER Campbel avoided the company of all genteel youths, and chose for playfellows, vulgar ignorant boys, of whom he would learn nothing but improper words and rude behaviour. He liked only to be with those he could manage, to whom he always spoke in so insolent a manner, as made him generally despised. One day, a little boy coming to the door, with a present

of fruit from his mother to Madam Campbel, the young gentleman told him his mamma was not at home ; but, says he, you shall stay and play with me. I thank you, Sir, answered the little boy, but my mother desired me to make haste back, and I would not disobey her on any account : if she chooses that I should come, I will, if you please, return again. You had better stay now you are here, replied master Campbel. No indeed, Sir, said the good little George Collins (for that was his

name) I could not stay with pleasure, unless my mother had given me leave. He then ran home as fast as possible, told her of master Campbel's invitation, and asked her if she wanted him. She praised him very much for being so dutiful, and told him, he might go as soon as he had been for her cow. He obeyed with the utmost readiness, and then asked, if he should not do any thing else for her; she thanked him for his desire of being serviceable to her, but said, she wanted nothing more, and bid him go and take his diversion.

Little George returned to Mrs. Campbel's, where he found master Campbel eagerly expecting him. After they had played for some time, master Campbel asked his playfellow to eat some of the strawberries he had brought. No, I thank you, Sir, said he, my mother sent them to Mrs. Campbel, and therefore they are not

ther your's nor mine. If your mamma was at home, and had asked me, I should have liked very well to eat a few, but indeed I had rather not have any now. Master Campbel blushed with shame, on finding himself so much excelled by this little boy. Just at this moment the chariot returned with Mrs. Campbel, who hearing from the servant who attended her son, the manner in which George Collins had behaved, was extremely pleased with him.

She treated him with fruit, gave him

two or three books, and told master Campbel, that, if he would always choose amongst his inferiors such playfellows as George Collins, he would improve in his duty and behaviour, and would be a proper companion for any young gentleman; for remember, my dear, added she, that not fine cloaths, nor money, but laudable behaviour, distinguishes the good boy. Which do you think would be most taken notice of, the child who alights out of a coach, drest very richly, yet rude and vulgar, ill natured and proud, or the boy, who, though his poverty allows him only neatness instead of finery and equipage, yet whose temper and behaviour show a constant desire of making others happy? Take my word for it, he who wishes to be beloved, must be kind and obliging to all; for without a good disposition and gentleness of

manners, the richest and prettiest boy will be only contemptible.

STORY II.

The Contrast between Inhumanity *and* Compassion.

AS good boys are not only a blessing to their parents, but a benefit to society, bad ones occasion misery to their friends and relations, and are destructive to the ease of others, and even of the most inoffensive animals. Master Wrench consulted only his own gratification in every thing he undertook: if *he* was pleased, he cared not what *others* suffered; he even made sport of the distortions produced by misery. One day, as he was diverting himself with whipping a dog, and throwing stones at the cattle and fowls in the yard, a bee flew upon his coat. He had a pair of thick gloves on, and therefore took hold of the bee with an intention

of killing it; but the little insect darted out its sting so violently, that it pierced through the glove.

Master Wrench, on feeling the pain, shrieked out, when a gentleman who had stood observing him, told him, he was glad the bee had made him feel some degree of the pain he delighted in inflicting. How long, said he, have you been pleasing yourself with hurting these poor creatures, who cannot return the injury! Yet you were so much afraid of

suffering pain, that you did not meddle with the bee, till you thought yourself guarded against its hurting you. Even the bee would not have stung you unprovoked ; and why should you destroy this insect, which is more truly useful than twenty such boys as Billy Wrench ? Could ye not have brushed it lightly off? Do you think these other creatures can't feel pain, because they don't cry and shriek as you do ? For shame, leave off crying, or cry because you have hurt others much more than *you* art hurt, and determine for the future to be as careful to avoid giving pain, as you would be in escaping and suffering yourself.

How different from master Wrench's behaviour was that of master Richards ! This young gentleman having several playfellows with him one afternoon, they asked him, if he would go with them the next morning to Reading, to see

some very curious wax-work, which was to go from thence on the Wednesday? This was on the Monday: master Richards agreed with pleasure to the proposal, on condition it was agreeable to his papa and mamma. They told him, he was so good a boy that they rejoic'd in his having an opportunity of being entertained. Accordingly, the next morning the young gentlemen all set off together for Reading.

As they were going along, master

Richards saw some boys at a little distance throwing at a cock which they had fastened to the ground. Oh! says he, how cruel are those children! Pray, masters, stop a moment, and let me speak to them. No, don't stop, master Richards, answered the young gentlemen, for if you do, we shall not see the wax-work, which is only shown from 10 to 12 o'clock. Master Richards was not however to be dissuaded from his benevolent intention. He went up to the boys, and asked them, how they could be so cruel as to make sport of hurting a poor innocent creature. Do you not think, added he, that it would give *you* pain to be fixed to the ground, and thrown at with great cudgels. They said, they only did like other boys and men. Like other *naughty* boys and men, answered master Richards, but it is no reason for your doing wrong, that oth-

ers do so too. Many people rob, others commit murder, but is that a reason for you to be guilty of those crimes? And now I mention robbery, pray how did you get this poor animal? They held down their heads. Ah! says master Richards, I doubt you have been dishonest, you stole this cock. Tell me the truth, and don't add the fault of a lie to those of theft and cruelty. They owned they took the cock from farmer Wilson's. Well then, says master Richards, I insist upon your going with me, and carrying it back to him, and asking his pardon; I will intreat of him not to beat you for this time, on condition you promise to do so no more; and as I have spoiled what you think *sport*, I will give you three-pence a piece, and you may make for yourselves some plaything that will afford you as

much diversion, without hurting any creature.

The young gentlemen had now lost all patience ; they told master Richards, he had better give the boys the money, and they would carry back the cock. No, answered he, I dare not trust them, nor could I enjoy the sight of the wax-work, if I were to leave this poor creature in such hands. Do you go without me : I shall have more pleasure in saving the cock from farther pain, than in seeing the finest wax-work in the world. I can't see *this*, because the man leaves Reading to-morrow, but I am very easy about it. They then left him, and pursued their journey, whilst he, following the dictates of tender compassion, told one of the boys to take up the cock and carry it under his arm. The rest walked after him until they came to the farmer's, whom Mr. Richards asked if he had not

lost a cock ? and on hearing that he had, informed him, he had brought it, and the boys who had stolen it, but, begged the farmer would forgive them. They fell on their knees,

and asked pardon, promising never to commit such a fault again. Mr. Wilson said he forgave them, because Mr. Richards desired it, and because he hoped they would for the future be good boys, but if ever they were guilty of the same fault, he would whip them very severely.

Master Richards then gave them the halfpence he had promised, and went home, happy in the delightful reflection of having acted properly.

As soon as his mamma saw him, she was apprehensive of some accident; but when he told her the reason of his early return, she embraced him, and led him to his papa, who praised him highly, and said that such a son was an honor to his parents.

When the young gentlemen returned, they called upon master Richards, and after telling him that the wax-work was very fine, they added, but we assure you, master Richards, we all wish, that we had chose rather to have preserved the poor cock from suffering, than to have felt a pleasure which was all over in half an hour. Indeed, says Mr. Richards, if you had seen the happy creature, when he was set down upon his dunghill, how he

crowed and clapt his wings, and how joyful all his family were to see him, you would have thought yourself rewarded for the loss of twenty such sights. I feel myself happy whenever I think of it. You find my dears, said Master Richards, that the indulgence of benevolence, or kind affections, occasions the most rational and lasting enjoyment, while they who prefer a mere present selfish pleasure, to the practice of their duty, will repent of their folly; and be assured they will find, that their inattention to the distresses of others, will prevent their gaining either compassion or assistance under their own sufferings.

STORY III.

The Exaltation of Humility, *and the Abasement of* Pride.

MASTER William Smith was proud, obstinate, passionate,

ill-natured, fretful and whimsical, and in consequence of being a naughty boy, had very few acquaintance or playfellows; for young gentlemen were ashamed of being seen with him, lest they should be thought to resemble him, and even poor children, who were good, excused themselves from playing with him. Besides he used them very ill, was quite fretful if he did not win at marbies, cards, &c. wanted them to oblige him in every thing, and yet would never comply with their desires. One day Mr. Allworthy, a gentleman of large fortune, and excellent character, sent messages to all the little boys in the neighbourhood, poor as well as rich, that they should come to his house the next day, and whoever had the best character from his parents, servants, and the neighbours, should receive from him a present of a good collection of entertaining and instructive

books, and wear a ribbon with this motto, "This distinguishes goodness."

Master Smith no sooner heard this, than he ran to his mamma (his papa was dead) and told her of Mr. Allworthy's intention, that he thought it would be a great honor to gain these prizes, and that he did not doubt but he should obtain them.

You have too good an opinion of yourself, child, said she; I assure you I dare not expect such a thing;

I will go with you if you desire it, but it shocks me that I am forced to tell you, I can say very little in your favor. Master Smith was not however discouraged by his mamma's reproof; but ran out to give orders for the chariot to be in readiness the next morning. He drest himself at the time in his best cloaths, and set out with his mamma for Mr. Allworthy's. As they went along, they saw several little boys walking to the same place on the same occasion. Master Smith laughed at and despised them, for their expectations of success; but his mamma bid him remember, that the prizes were not to be given to the richest or finest child, but to him who should be found to be the *best*.

When they alighted at Mr. Allworthy's they saw several little masters, and poor children, assembled. Mr. Allworthy soon entered the room, in which was an handsome

book case, containing near an hundred books proper for the instruction and entertainment of Children. Master Smith looked at them with an air of confidence, as if he was quite secure of a preference in his favor. A little boy whose name was Charles Nichols, came up to Master Smith, and told him he remembered he had once the honor of playing with him at Mr. Jones's, and therefore he took the liberty of asking him how he did. The child was perfectly neat and clean: he was not handsome, but there was so much sweetness and good nature expressed in his countenance, and so much politeness and complaisance in his behaviour, that he gained the love and esteem of every good person. Master Smith thought himself so much superior to this little boy, who happened to be poor, that he scarcely answered him,

which Mr. Allworthy observing, said to Charles, I think, my dear, I heard you mention your having had the *honor* of playing with master Smith; remember, my love, it can confer no honor on any one to play with a naughty boy; the poorest child, if he be good and humble, is far superior to the richest, who is naughty. He who thinks very highly of himself, will certainly be brought to shame. Master Smith coloured and felt ashamed.

Mr. Allworthy then began his enquiry. Several of the children had indifferent characters, but some were tolerable good. Master Thomson was acknowledged to be the best boy who had been yet examined; an old servant, who had been his nurse maid, assured Mr. Allworthy, that in his mamma's absence, when she had the care of him, she never desired him twice to do any thing. It was now master Smith's turn;

Mr. Allworthy asked, if he was dutiful to his parent? Mrs. Smith only answered with a sigh. He then desired to know if he was fond of his brother and sister, if he spoke in an obliging manner to the servants, and other inferiors, if he behaved civilly to his visitors, and playfellows? Mrs. Smith shook her head: of what then, madam, said Mr. Allworthy, can such a boy be proud? What could make him despise a child, who spoke so prettily as Charles Nichols did? Indeed, Sir, answered Mrs. Smith, I had no expectation of his gaining the reward; but I brought him that he might be humbled into a sense of his faults, by comparison with others. I pity *you* sincerely, madam, said Mr. Allworthy, yet I still more pity *him*, for whoever is naughty, injures himself. How miserable child, added he, must you be! beloved by nobody,

vexing every one. How could you possibly expect a reward, when you only deserve punishment? Do not stand near master Thomson; he is very good, and therefore cannot desire to be of your acquaintance.

Charles Nichols was now the only boy to be questioned. He stood with his eyes modestly cast down; Mr. Allworthy asked his father and mother if he was dutiful? They both eagerly cried out, Oh! Sir, this child, tho' but five years old, is a real blessing to us. We never asked him to do any thing, but he immediately performed it. When we have been sick, he has attended us with the care and tenderness of a nurse, speaking in whispers, and walking on tiptoe, to avoid disturbing us. He is the kindest, best of brothers. He never has any thing given him to eat, but he reserves for his brother and sister the largest share. He always refuses to take any

fruit, cakes, &c. but what we choose he should have; he willingly exchanges playthings with his playfellows, or lends, and frequently gives them away, when his brother, sister, or visitors, seemed to be pleased with any of them. We keep no servant, but our neighbours, and I hope all this company who know him, will give him the character of a good child. The gentlemen and ladies all said, that Charles's behaviour did honor to his parents instructions, and was a proof of his excellent disposition, adding, Those of us who have children, wish to have them imitate Charles Nichols, and those who have none can scarcely help feeling a desire of being the parents of children like him. All his poor neighbours said, it gave them pleasure to see him, he was so industrious at work, so fond of his book, so attentive to his parents, and so de-

sirous of making every body happy, that there could not be a better example for any children, whether they were rich or poor. They never heard him ask for any thing, without using some such expression, as *pray* give me this, or *be so good* as do such a thing, and always received every thing with thanks. He never fretted nor murmured on a refusal of what he wished to have, but was convinced that his friends knew what was best for him.

Mr. Allworthy was so much delighted with this information, that he took little Charles in his arms, kissed him several times, and carrying him to the book case, told him, that half those books should be his, and the other half he should give to Master Thomson, adding, that he had also a ribbon for each. I thank you, Sir, said the good boy, very modestly, for your kind intention, but I am afraid I should be thought

proud and vain, if I wear your favor. No, my love, answered Mr. Allworthy, you are as much entitled to wear it as Master Thomson: every body will know, that it was not given you as a piece of finery, but as a mark of your desert. Then turning to Master Smith, who felt ashamed of his own unworthiness; You see, child, said he, it is not the boy who rides in his coach, nor who is rich, who gains every one's approbation, but it is he who behaves best, who does what he is desired by his friends,

and who endeavours to improve his own mind. Charles Nichols, in a whisper, begged to know, if Mr. Allworthy liked he should make a present of a book to each of the masters and other boys. Mr. Allworthy praised him for his design, but told him, he could not consent, that what belonged by right to the good, should be given to the unworthy. When these children, said he, become like you and Master Thomson, I should not only be pleased with you for encouraging their improvement, but I will add presents to yours, for their instruction and entertainment. And now, my dear Master Thomson, let me hear you read a story.

Master Thomson immediately did as he was desired, making every proper stop, and pronouncing every word with the utmost propriety. Charles Nichols then did the same, and at Mr. Allworthy's desire, they then stood up and spelt, extremely

well, and if either of them happened to forget a word, he asked the other how it was spelt, and thanked him for the information which was given him, with the utmost modesty and good nature.

Master Thomson and Charles Nichols then went with Mr. Allworthy, to take a walk in his garden; he told the other children, he should not ask them then to go with him and the good boys, but that he should always be glad to see any of them, who improved by an imitation of their examples. Master Thomson asked little Charles to ride home with him in his chariot, which offer he gladly accepted, not so much, he said, for the pleasure of the ride, though that would be agreeable to him, as for the enjoyment of Master Thomson's company, which might be an improvement to him.

Mr. Allworthy then gave these

two excellent children an invitation to his house, whenever their parents could part from them, saying, he should always send for them both, whenever any other children came to pay him a visit. As to Master Smith, he was now humbled into shame and sorrow. He and the other children all fell on their knees, and promised amendment; and I have had the pleasure of hearing, that they became, in a short time, worthy of an intimacy with Charles Nichols and Master Thomson.

STORY IV.

The Necessity of Correction for Idleness *and* Perverseness.

MRS. Newsted had two sons, but on account of her very bad health, and an unsettled manner of life, she had been obliged to entrust the elder to the care of a nurse, who indulged him in every thing he desired, and by this means render-

ed him fretful, obstinate and passionate. This improper treatment gave his mamma a great deal of trouble and uneasiness. When he came home, she endeavoured to improve him in disposition and behaviour, and to teach him reading, writing, &c. but he was so extremely idle and inattentive, perverse and froward, that she was under the necessity of sending him to school, to receive more severe correction than she had ever inflicted.

The person of whom she made choice to be his tutor, was named Teachum: he never undertook the care of more than twenty pupils, and had educated several in such a manner, as had given much satisfaction; for he was a very good man, of a very sweet temper, yet had great resolution. As there was at this time a vacancy for one in his school, Mrs. Newsted had no sooner determined to send her son, than

she put her design in practice. She went with him, and after the first ceremonies were over, Sir, said she, I have brought you a child, who (I am sorry to say it) is in great want of amendment: I have unsuccessfully tried every mild method for his improvement at his book, and in his behaviour, and I must insist upon it, that if he be not more attentive to you than he has been to me, that you punish him as you do other naughty boys. I trust him entirely to your management, and when you can give me a pleasing account of

his *uniformly good* behaviour, I shall come and see him with the utmost pleasure ; but till then I do not wish to see him.

Mrs. Newsted then took her leave, and as soon as she was gone, Mr. Teachum said to Master Newsted, what a shocking character have I heard of you, child ! Did not your mamma give up her time and attention to you, and what was her endeavour ? To make you good ; to make you happy ; to render you beloved by your fellow creatures, and your God ! Depend upon it, if you are inattentive to my instructions, I must have recourse to punishments; but I can never have the same affection for a child who must be *whipt* into obedience, as for him who obeys the first intimation of my desire. Fifteen of my nineteen boarders, continued he, are perfectly good,and the other four are in a state of improvement : I hope you will endeav-

our to imitate the best, and not force me to use severity, when I only wish to succeed by giving encouragement. Mr. Teachum then showed him his intended room, and desired him to keep his books, cloaths, &c. in order, as a habit of regularity and neatness could not be too soon acquired.

Some of the young gentlemen who had not seen Master Newsted, were very inquisitive about him; they asked what his name was, whether he was tall, and if he was pretty? One of those who had observed him, answered, that he had a pretty face enough, but that he did not look as if he were good natured. Does not he? says Master Freeman, one of the best boys; if that be the case, we shall not admit him into our party, nor will *you* I suppose, Master Mendham, added he (to one of the four who were daily improving) let him mix in yours. However, I hope,

my dear, you are mistaken in thinking his looks betray signs of ill nature. We should always be willing to judge favourably of every body.

The next morning after breakfast, when the bell rung to summon them into the school room, Master Newsted went with the rest. Mr. Teachum gave him one of Dodsley's Fables, desired him to read it with attention, to observe the manner in which the words were spelt, and to endeavour to remember the particulars of the story. Strive, my dear, said he, to conquer all inclination to idleness, and follow the examples of my best scholars; I shall be very much pleased if you observe my instructions. Master Newsted then went to his place, and Mr. Teachum called his other scholars to him. He frequently cast his eyes on Master Newsted, and saw him very idle, and attempting to disturb the other young gentlemen, who did not how-

ever attend to him. He spoke to him several times; at last, quite fatigued with this naughty boy's disregard of his mild reproofs, he, with great resolution, but without mixture of passion, said to him, Master Newsted, or Master Wilful I may truly call you, I have *desired* you several times to mind your book. You are quite negligent, therefore depend upon it, if you obstinately persist in this behaviour, I shall send for the rod, which I have not used for more than a year. Fifteen of these young gentlemen never wanted it, and the others never felt it but once; observe what I *say* to you, and remember I shall never be fond of a boy whilst he must be *chastised* into obedience.

A few minutes afterwards, Mr. Teachum, finding no amendment in Master Newsted, sent one of his pupils for the rod, then ordered him to be taken up. He struggled and

promised, but it was now in vain, and he received the deserved correction. He cried very heartily, and felt much shocked, when he considered that it was his own bad behaviour which had brought upon him this punishment. He found that his master would scarcely speak to him, that none of the children took any notice of him, and when they went to play after dinner, he was not admitted to be of the party. When they returned into the school room, he was not suffered to read his book. This made him extreme-

ly uneasy, as he saw the other masters were well employed, and that they were much beloved by Mr. Teachum; but he knew it was his own fault, and determined to sit properly. For practising this wise resolution, he was praised by Mr. Teachum, but he added, you must be careful to avoid the faults to which you perceive an inclination, for you have many bad habits to correct, and good ones to contract. Your present attention perhaps arises only from a fear of punishment; but I hope you will in a short time, like the rest of my good boys, find a delight in the performance of your duty.

As soon as the children left school, they went into a large field, where they always played at nine pins, marbles, and other sports. Soon after he went up to Master Symonds, one of the young gentlemen, and in a rude manner said, Won't you play

with me ? What did you say, Sir, answered Master Symonds ? Master Newsted repeated the expression. Indeed, sir, said Master Symonds, in the softest tone of voice, I am so much accustomed to hear my school fellows speak properly, that I did not like to answer you ; for our tutor always desires that none of us should be answered, if we do not speak with civility and sweetness. I will play with you the moment I have finished this game at nine-pins with Master Pritchard, if you speak in the manner these young gentlemen do ; I dare say you will never repeat this fault. Well, says Master Newsted, if I don't play now, I believe I shan't play at all. For shame, Sir, replied Master Freeman ; I am sure Master Symonds gave you very kind advice, in a very friendly manner ; but, however, none of us will take any notice of you. The young gentlemen then

all turned from him, and went on with their sports, perfectly cheerful and happy because they were good. Master Newsted attempted to speak, but they gave no attention to him.

Master Newsted, now sitting down on a stile, reflected upon his own inexcusable behaviour: how unhappy am I! says he; I have been turned from home, from my mamma, I have been whipt, I am not suffered to play with good boys, nor to read as they do; but it is my own fault; indeed, indeed, I must grow better,

or I shall be hated by every body, and be always uneasy. He sat a long time observing in how good natured a manner all the young gentlemen behaved, and spoke to each other, and comparing himself with them, was filled with shame. When they went in, he followed them at a distance. His heart was so full of grief, that he could eat no supper, and he cried almost all the night.

The next morning he behaved extremely well at breakfast ; and Mr. Teachum gave him leave to read, which he did greatly to the satisfaction of his tutor, who told him, that he saw by his looks he was concerned for having been naughty. You have been a very good boy this morning, added he, and must be delighted with the change in yourself. Go on as you have begun, and you shall want no encouragement. How glad will your mamma be to have a good account of you ! but I shall

stay, till I find you continue good, before I inform her of your laudable behaviour. Master Newsted fell upon his knees, and bursting into tears, begged of Mr. Teachum to forgive him: that good man embraced him; the young gentlemen all kissed him, and told him they should rejoice to find him always good.

Accordingly, by attending to their behaviour, and observing his tutor's advice, he became as excellent as they were; though he used often to say when he was praised, I wish I had been always good, and then I should not have any reason to be uneasy for having offended my mamma by a thousand faults. In short, he continued so very good, that in about a fortnight Mr. Teachum sent a letter to Mrs. Newsted with the pleasing news. She came the next day to see him, and was surprised at the alteration in his looks, for he

was grown fat, and his countenance showed the ease and cheerfulness of his mind. He entreated her pardon for his past faults, and promised she should have no cause to complain of him for the future. She embraced him with tears of joy, and told him, that though she should not have sent him from home (as she had time to teach him) if he had minded her instructions, yet he could not be with a more proper person than Mr. Teachum; that she should now be always glad to see him, and would often visit him at the school. They then chose to walk, and Master Newsted showed to his mamma the play-field, his little garden, and the arbour in which Mr. Teachum sometimes treated his boarders with fruit, or syllabubs. On their return into the house, Mrs. Newsted begged that she might drink tea in the school-room with all the boarders. She was very much

pleased with their behaviour; for so far from being troublesome, they were quite polite, and required no admonitions, and she rejoiced at seeing her son as good as any of the rest. Master Newsted continued to be one of the ornaments of Mr. Teachum's school; and was ever after the delight, and one of the chief blessings of his mother.

STORY V.

The good and naughty Boy.

MASTER Edward Goodwill was one of the best little boys that ever lived. He always minded what his friends said to him, and obeyed in a moment. As soon as he awoke, he constantly said his prayers, and asked his parents blessing morning and night; and before he went to sleep, he recollected the faults of the day, and begged God's pardon for them, owning them also to his friends, and promising to en-

deavour to conquer every blameable inclination. He took great delight in his book, generally asking his mamma to let him read farther. He spoke in a very pretty manner to every body, and made bows whenever he went into or out of a room. He was very fond of his brothers and sisters, was always willing to part from any of his playthings to them, and never had any fruit given him to eat, but he laid up some part for them. When they committed any fault, he always said, pray, brother, or sister, don't be naughty, you know nobody can love naughty boys or girls; if you be good, every person will love you, and, what is of most consequence, God Almighty will love you, and if you be always good, you will always be happy. When he wanted to know the meaning of any word, he was never impertinent, nor troublesome, when other people were talk-

ing, but asked at proper times, and in a pretty manner. He never spoke loud, for he remembered, that little boys should rather be seen than heard, except when spoken to. If he asked for any thing, which his friends disapproved of his having, he never whined, teazed, nor cried, but said, I will ask no more, for my papa and mamma know best what is fit for me; for he was certain they had good reason for refusing him, and that they would give him what was proper for him to have. If ever he saw them uneasy, he used to say, I hope, papa, or mamma, you are well; I have not done any thing to make you uneasy, have I, pray? I am very sorry if I have. When his parents were abroad, the servants were certain that master Goodwill would behave as well as if they were at home, for he remembered that God Almighty *always* saw him, and was acquainted with

all his thoughts, words, and actions. He was so very good, that his papa often bought him new books for the farther improvement and entertainment of his mind: and as all study would have been prejudicial to his health, Mr. Goodwill bought a little horse for him to ride upon.

Every body in the neighbourhood were pleased to see him, as they knew he minded what was said to him, and was obliging to all. When he knew of any person in distress, he gave them money to buy food or

cloaths, and if he heard any little boys or girls minded their books and work, he used to give them a penny a-peace as an encouragement: so that the people, when they saw him, cried out, What a fine thing it is to be good! How every body loves master Goodwill! It is not because he is pretty, for master Worthless is as pretty as he, but because he is always good-natured and obliging; how easy and happy he is! When master Goodwill was ill, and required any physic, his mamma had only to say, Edward, here is something that will make you better, my love; it is not very pleasant, but as it is for your good, and I desire you, I know you will take it. Master Worthless, on the contrary, was so perverse, that his mamma was obliged to pour any physic down his throat, and nobody loved him, on account of his obstinacy and ill-nature. He was always quarrelling

with his brothers, sisters, and playmates, so that at last nobody would play with him; and if his mamma took him abroad, she was obliged to send him home again; whilst master Goodwill was so much beloved, that if his mamma went on a visit without him, the chaise was sent back for him, if the distance was not too great, and all the gentlemen and ladies of the neighbourhood insisted upon Mrs. Goodwill's always bringing him with her. Master Goodwill enjoyed a ride, not only for the pleasure of the air and exercise, but for the advantage it enabled him to procure for others; he always either call'd upon some sick person, whom he assisted, or gave rewards to children who were good at their book, spinning, &c. and sometimes bought fruit and cakes to treat his brothers and sisters. Thus constantly attentive to promote the happiness of others, he preserved an un-

interrupted serenity and cheerfulness in his own breast. His behaviour was an example worthy the imitation of every youth; he was an object of universal admiration for his attainments in morals and manners, and he even disarmed envy by the uncommon sweetness of his disposition.

STORY VI.

The fatal Effects of a mistaken Fondness.

THAT the severe exertion of parental authority destroys all filial love and confidence, and implants cunning and dissimulation, is an undoubted truth. The other extreme of unlimited indulgence is productive of effects equally fatal to the disposition and happiness of the child.

Mrs. Belford had been the mother of seven children, but none of them

survived the first year except William, of whom she became so immoderately fond, that she never gave

him the least contradiction. It was an unpardonable offence in a servant to refuse him any thing. He was suffered to teaze and hurt not only animals, but every child who came to play with him. They were to have no inclinations contrary to his, but to be entirely subservient to his imperious will and pleasure. Observing the power his tears gave him over the whole family, &c. he

was incessantly crying to obtain his wishes, and remained dissatisfied when they were granted. He would cry for the cake which he had eaten, for the play-thing which he had broken in a pet; his mother's endeavours, instead of making him easy, rendered him constantly fretful. When he spoke rudely, or hurt any one, she said, the dear creature was ill, and thus confirmed the bad disposition of his mind, because she fancied he suffered from indisposition of body. When he was really ill, his mother, instead of inculcating patience and meekness, rendered him still more froward, by her own discontent with every one about him. Instead of permitting nature to remove the cause of his disorder by necessary abstinence, she increased his complaints, by exciting and pampering his appetite, by palling sweets and rich dainties. Whenever he was asked to do any thing, which

from his wilful temper he disliked, his mother said, Poor thing ! don't teaze him now, he will do it another time. Thus, for want of exerting a little well-timed resolution, which would have secured him in the regular practice of his duty, and promoted his happiness, she lost all authority, and he was thoroughly determined on disobedience. What his mother termed wit, was justly considered by other people as rudeness. His noise rendered him troublesome, his disregard to what his real friends said to him, prevented his being beloved. When he had quarrelled with any of his playfellows, instead of recommending the instructive lesson of Christian forgiveness, his mother nourished him in a resenting, implacable disposition, so that he considered the desire of reconciliation as a meanness. Far from inspiring and encouraging a principle of generosity, and